

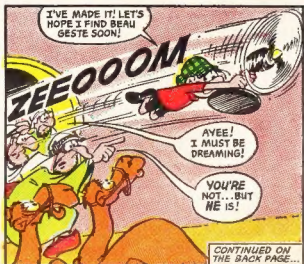
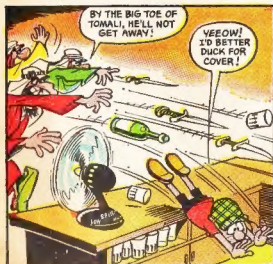
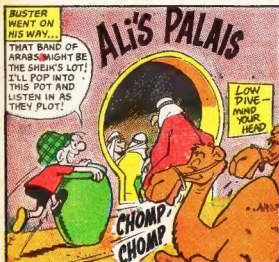
GO...GO...GO...WITH THE SKID KIDS! SEE INSIDE!

BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle 11th MAY, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. 55; Espana Pes. 100; Nederland Fl. 65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. 60; Sverige Kr. 75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD



THE BOYS' JOY TURNED TO DESPAIR WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THEIR COMPANION HAD DISAPPEARED!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to him he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—Galaxus was resting in a woodland glade when a wasp suddenly landed on his shoulder . . . and stung him!

IN PAIN, THE LITTLE SPACE-CREATURE STAGGERED AWAY... THEN COLLAPSED!



UNAWARE OF THE FATE OF THEIR FRIEND, JIM AND DANNY SLEPT ON. UNTIL HALF AN HOUR LATER...

AAAH, THAT'S BETTER! WHAT A MARVELLOUS SLEEP!



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, JIM... I FEEL ON TOP OF THE WORLD. LET'S WAKE GALAXUS...

BUT...

OH, NO.. HE'S GONE!



WHAT? THEN SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED. HE'S FAR TOO FRIGHTENED OF THINGS ON EARTH TO WANDER AWAY BY HIMSELF...



START SEARCHING THE GROUND... BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE, BE CAREFUL!

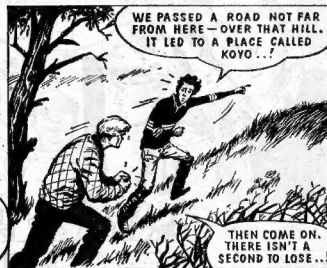
RIGHT...!

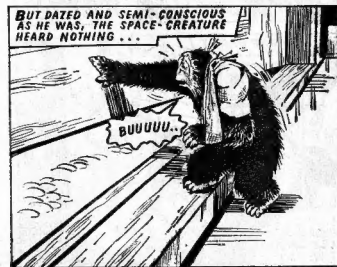
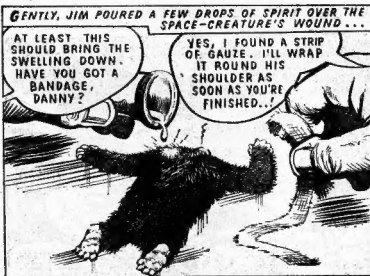
INCH BY INCH, THE BOYS CRAWLED FORWARD. THEN SUDDENLY...

JIM, LOOK UP THERE. THAT BIRD...

CRUIKE, IT'S A FALCON. READY TO STRIKE!





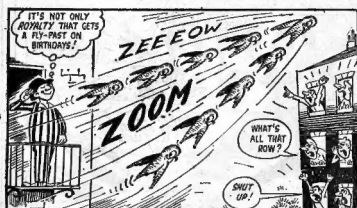


WHAT FATE AWAITS THE INJURED GALAXUS? MORE SENSATIONS AND SUSPENSE NEXT WEEK!

THE BUGGIES TAKE THE PLUNGE AND DAMPEN FREDDIE'S SPIRIT!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



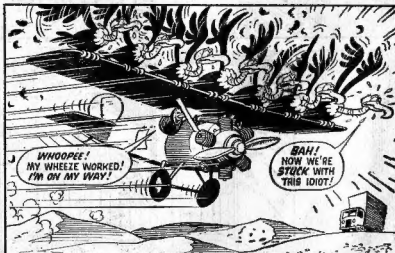
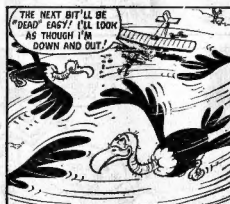
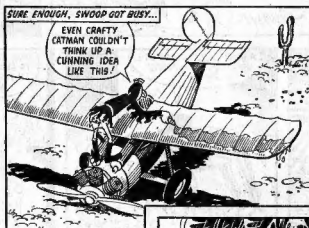
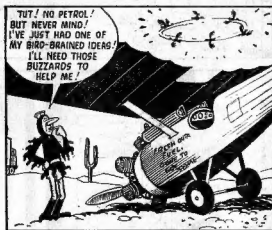
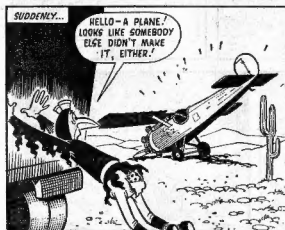
NEXT MONDAY'S YARN WILL GROW ON YOU—IT'S ALL ABOUT A PECULIAR PLANT!

WHATEVER THE PROBLEM, SWOOP'S NEVER STUCK FOR A SOLUTION!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



IS OUR HERO HEADING FOR SUCCESS? READ ON IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

Who's Zoo?

THE War Lord of Eyjx (pronounced Difficult) were seated around a table on which stood a jug of sherbet.

"Gentlemen," said the chief, "we must do something about the country of Gerrof. As you all know, their soldiers are difficult to beat. We've fought them before and always lost."

"I know," said another. "They don't even sound a siren when our troops attack—they blow a raspberry, instead!"

"Well, the king wishes us to defeat them and take over their country. They have some liquorice allsorts, and he wants 'em," went on the chief. "But as they have always beaten us... how are we going to do it?"

"I was reading today," said one man, "about Troy. The enemy built a big wooden horse and called it the Trojan Horse. When the people saw it, they let it into the city and then the sides of the giant opened and the enemy poured out in dozens."

"My little boy has a rocking horse," announced the chief, "but that wouldn't be any good for two excellent reasons."

"What are they?"

"The rocking horse would be too small for the soldier and the soldier would be too big for the rocking horse."

"That's only one reason twice."

"No, it isn't. It's two reasons once."

"Anyway, we'd need hundreds of rocking horses, and they would keep rocking and make the men seasick."

"You mean horseshick."

"Seriously, though. It's a good idea," admitted the chief. "If we could try it with something different from a horse."

"I know!" cried another man. "What about a circus?"

"A circus?"

"Yes. Take our troops in a van marked 'Elephants'."

"Do our soldiers look like elephants?"

"They look like anything except soldiers."

"No good," said the chief. "Gerrof would be expecting elephants, and if they didn't get 'em they'd investigate and discover us!"

"Tell you what," said the man who had thought of the idea. "Mark the front of the van 'Clowns', and mark the sides 'Clowns'. When our soldiers pop out, the people will think they really are clowns. They look it! Our chaps will sash 'em, seize the country, and bring back the liquorice allsorts."

"Splendid!" cried the chief. "Get a van at once and paint it."

They finished off the sherbet to celebrate and the meeting broke up.

Meanwhile, the King of Gerrof was sitting down to a dinner of tomato soup and liquorice allsorts. Nothing fancy for him.

"Queenie," he said to his wife, "I've been thinking."

"Don't hurt yourself," she said anxiously. "You know how weak you are in the head."

"Yes," he replied. "I didn't think much. The King of Eyjx has been very quiet and polite lately. D'you know, he wrote and asked me how my liquorice allsorts were getting on. That's a bad sign. He's up to something."

"Then find out what it is," said the queen.

"I can't do that."

"Tom Arto can, though."

"Tom Arto?"

"Yes. Tom Arto, the Special Agent."

"I will, my dear," said the king, sorting all through the allsorts for all the sort he liked best.

Two days later Tom Arto was creeping round Eyjx disguised as a slice of madeira cake. The people disliked madeira cake so nobody even came near him, except for a short-sighted farmer who mistook Tom's disguise for a haystack.

Tom came upon the newly painted van and saw the soldiers getting inside. He removed his disguise and approached cautiously.

"Is this a circus?" he asked.

"It will be," answered a general, grinning. "When it gets into Gerrof!"

"Shouldn't the clowns have custard pies instead of hand grenades to throw?" inquired Tom.

"Not for this show. This'll surprise 'em."

Tom raced for the telephone and got in touch with a real circus. He engaged it to appear in Gerrof that day.

His next move was to hurry to Gerrof and have a huge wooden horse built. He packed the Gerrof soldiers into this and rushed them off to Eyjx.

His plans were ready! He waited for the Eyjx van containing the phoney clowns.

When this arrived, everything was in readiness.

Two empty cages were drawn up to the van and the doors unfastened.

At a signal, the van doors opened and the soldiers rushed out, straight into the cages. Doors slammed, bolts slid shut, and keys were turned.

Meanwhile, in Eyjx, the Gerrof soldiers had emerged from their horse, and as there were no enemy soldiers present (they being locked up in Gerrof) they took over the country.

That night they had a banquet, and when the Eyjx king came down to supper, he was just in time to do the washing up!

Tom Arto had saved the day again... now doesn't that just take the cake?

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in the next issue of "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!!)

Life is great fun for the new Ovaltiners



Join the New Ovaltiners Club, Britain's Swinging Fun Club for Girls and Boys.

OVALTINERS

Have their own badge, a secret code, sign and signal and a personal identity card.

OVALTINERS

Can enter for exciting competitions with lots of super prizes.

OVALTINERS

Can buy special offers at special prices through the Club—like the great new 7" Ovaltine EP disc, recorded by top musicians which gives you 14 minutes playing time for only 3/6 (normal shop price for a 7" EP is 12/3)

ARE YOU AN OVALTINER—IF NOT JOIN TODAY

How to join The Ovaltiners Club

Fill in the coupon and enclose a postal order for 2/6d. plus a label from a tin of Ovaltine. Within days you will receive The Ovaltiners Club Badge, Member's Wallet, Membership Card and details of the Ovaltiners Photostamp offer.

Ovaltine makes The Scene

The Ovaltiners Club is organised by the makers of Ovaltine, the delicious any time drink which tastes super hot or cold. When you buy Ovaltine keep the labels, you will be able to use them to obtain more terrific offers from The Ovaltiners Club.

To: The Ovaltiners Club, 99 Park Lane, London W.1

I wish to join The Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6 postal order made out to "The Ovaltiners Club" plus an Ovaltine label. (Please write in CAPITAL letters)

First Names _____

Surname _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Read the special Ovaltiners Club News regularly in this paper.

KNOWING FISHBOY TO BE A FRIEND IN NEED, THE FROG WENT FOR ASSISTANCE!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Reaching Venice, Fishboy was injured at the entrance to the Grand Canal. He crawled into a nearby park, desperately seeking help, and mistook stone dolphins for real ones...



A BURLING PLEA CAME FROM THE UNFORTUNATE FISHBOY...



TOO DAZED TO REALISE THAT THE DOLPHIN WAS BUT AN IMITATION, FISHBOY LAY HELPLESS—UNTIL SUDDENLY...



UNDERSTANDING IMMEDIATELY, THE BULL-FROG DARTED TOWARDS THE SURFACE...



THE LITTLE CREATURE WAS THE PET OF AN ORPHANED GONDOLA-BOY CALLED NICCO TAMBERELLI...



NOT REALISING THAT HE WAS BEING DELIBERATELY LED INTO THE PARK, YOUNG NICCO GAVE CHASE...

COME BACK HERE, YOU LONG-LEGGED IMP! IT IS TIME TO GO HOME!



BUT THEN...

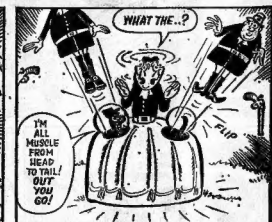




WHAT IS THE REASON BEHIND THE STRANGER'S TREACHERY? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S EXCITEMENT!

"MOONLIGHT" WONDER WORM CERTAINLY SHINES TO HELP HIS HIGHWAYMAN PAL!

Wonder Worm



ROUNDHEADS VERSUS CAVALIERS NEXT WEEK — WITH A FAMOUS WORM IN FIGHTING FORM !

TALK OF PERFUME MADE CHARLIE THINK HE WAS ON THE SCENT OF RICHES!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Charlie Peace, master-crook of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine and transported forward a hundred years. He found his old cellar hide-out unchanged, but the warmer weather made him think of the countryside and fresh air...

NATURALLY, THE ARCH-ROGUE DIDN'T PAY FOR HIS DAY TRIP.



THESE MODERN LORRIES ARE GREAT FOR FREE TRAVEL! I'LL JUMP OFF AT A SPOT I USED TO KNOW ALONG THE RIVER! A GREEN MEADOW... SPACE... AND TRANQUILITY!

HE FOUND THE PLACE ALL RIGHT... BUT A HUNDRED YEARS HAD PASSED!



WOW! 'OW THINGS 'AVE CHANGED! WHAT A MESS... AND WHAT A NIFF! STEAM AN' FUMES, AN' NOT A BLADE O' GREEN GRASS IN SIGHT!

THE CROOK VENTURED CLOSER...



MUST BE SOMETHIN VALUABLE INSIDE, OR THEY WOULDN'T GUARD IT SO CLOSELY!

ALL PASSES MUST BE SHOWN TO THE SECURITY GUARDS.

INSIDE, A VISITOR WAS BEING SHOWN AROUND...



OUR PLANT EXTRACTS NOT ONLY VARIOUS GASES FROM THE CRUDE OIL... BUT RARE PERFUMES, ALSO! COME THIS WAY, SIR!

I'M COMIN' TOO, CHUM!

EVERYTHING WENT WELL FOR CHARLIE— UNTIL A SECURITY-GUARD APPEARED.

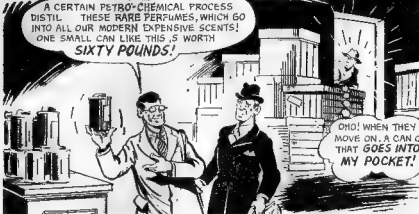


HEY, YOU! PUT THAT BACK!

NOT LIKELY, MATE! I'M CUTTIN' ME SIGHT-SEEING VISIT SHORT! SO LONG!

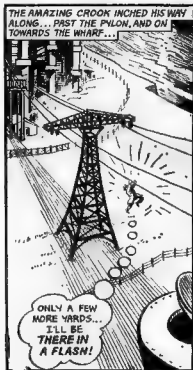
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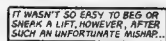
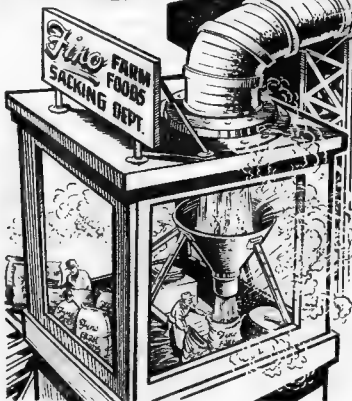
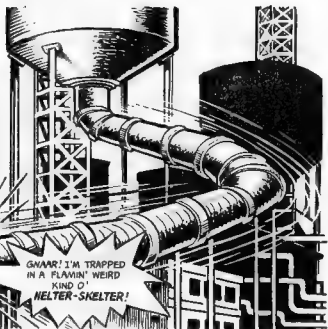
A CERTAIN PETRO-CHEMICAL PROCESS DISTIL THESE RARE PERFUMES, WHICH GO INTO ALL OUR MODERN EXPENSIVE SCENTS! ONE SMALL CAN LIKE THIS 'S WORTH SIXTY POUNDS!



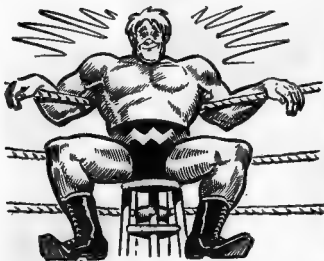
OH! WHEN THEY MOVE ON, A CAN O' THAT GOES INTO MY POCKET!

METAL STEPS AND CATWALKS RANG WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE CHASE!





NUTTY WAS CALLED ON TO THE FILM SET . . . FOR HIS FIRST BIG SCENE!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Natty Slack's prowess as a wrestler landed him the job of stuntman in a jungle film being produced by Hiram T. Greenbacher. Unaware that three other stuntmen who also wanted the job had vowed to get even with him, Natty arrived at the outdoor film set for his first day's work before the cameras . . .

HIRAM T. GREENBACHER
WELCOMED NUTTY AND
HIS PAL CLARENCE...



HYA, NUTTY!
I WANT YOU TO MEET
JOHNNY TORSO... ONE
OF THE STARS OF 'TAZA-
LORD OF THE
JUNGLE'!

BUT WHY
IS HE DRESSED AS
TAZA, THE SAME AS ME,
MR. GREENBACHER? WE
CAN'T BOTH PLAY THE
SAME PART!

YOU'LL-ER -- FIND OUT
IN A MINUTE, OLD SON! ALL
SET FOR THE NEXT
SCENE, JOHNNY?



ALMOST, MISTER
PRODUCER! I JUST WANT
TO REHEARSE THIS LINE
FROM MY SCRIPT!



WONDERFUL!
YOU'RE WORD-PERFECT,
JOHNNY!

THE FIRST SCENE TO BE FILMED
THAT DAY TOOK PLACE IN AN
ARTIFICIAL JUNGLE...



SCENE SEVEN.
TAKE FOUR--
ACTION!

HERE WE GO, NUTTY! THIS IS THE
BIT WHERE TAZA IS TRAPPED BY THE
DEADLY WARRIORS OF THE FIERCE
UMPALA TRIBE!



AN ACTOR PLAYING THE PART OF
A NATIVE, AND ARMED WITH A MASSIVE
CLUB, LEAPT FROM THE BUSHES...



AYEEEEEE!
STRIKE, MY BROTHERS!
SLAY TAZA OF
THE APES!

HOLD IT!
THAT'S YOUR
CUE, NUTTY!

AS STAND-IN FOR
JOHNNY TORSO, THIS
IS THE MOMENT
WHEN YOU TAKE
OVER!



COR!
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR THIS!

JUST
STAND EXACTLY
WHERE MR. TORSO WAS
-- STANDING, NUTTY!

NEXT MOMENT, AS THE CAMERAS WERE RESTARTED...



AND ONCE AGAIN, AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, NUTTY TOOK OVER...



WHAAAT? BUT... BUT DON'T I... OOOCH!... GET TO FIGHT THOSE NATIVES?



AS BEFORE, HIRAM T. GREENBACHER WAS DELIGHTED...



THE NEXT SEQUENCE INVOLVED AN EXCITING CHASE...

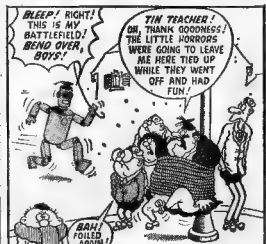
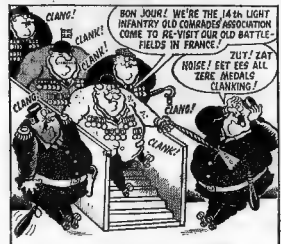
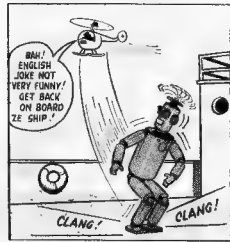
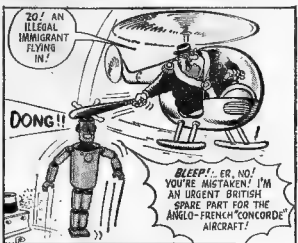
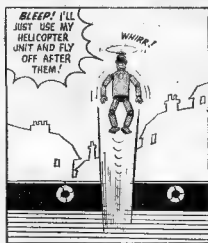
AND NOW WE SEE TAZA BEING CHASED BY THE VILLAINOUS COPTER-CROOKS, WHO ARE AFTER THE FORBIDDEN TREASURE OF KING DOLOMITE...



WHAT A SINISTER SCHEME! NUTTY'S IN FOR BIG TROUBLE! READ ON IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

TIN TEACHER'S QUITE PUT OUT BY THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES... OUT OF THE COUNTRY, IN FACT!

TIN TEACHER



FUN AT AN OUTDOOR CAFE NEXT MONDAY . . . T-T HAS TROUBLE ON HIS PLATE!

FREE!

In No. 2 of

JAG

THE BIG NEW BOYS'
PAPER

OUT
NOW!

SOCCER'68

ALL THE LEAGUE CLUB COLOURS

First of two big wall charts showing 153 footballers wearing the colours of clubs competing in the four English, two Scottish, Northern Ireland and Eire Divisions PLUS colours worn by the five home National teams.

SPECIAL FOOTBALL BADGE OFFER

Pin-on football badge painted
in your own team colours—only 3s. 3d.

START READING THESE GRIPPING SERIALS NOW

Guster — Snob College — The Penalty Area
The Mouse Patrol — The Indestructible Man
Thunder Bill — Cap'n Codsmouth

ALSO EXCITING PICTURE FEATURES AND FEATURES TO READ

Explode into ACTION NOW and EVERY WEEK with

JAG

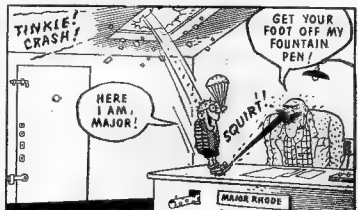
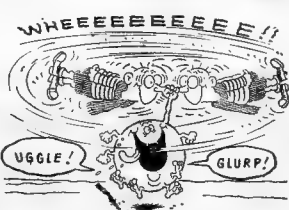
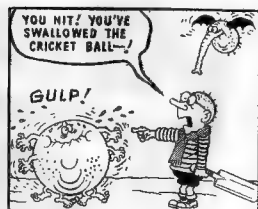
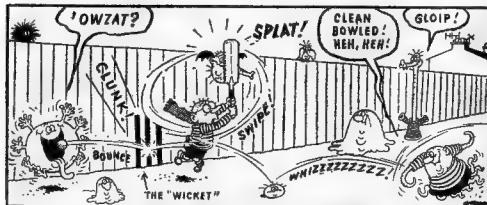
THE
SENSATIONAL
NEW WEEKLY

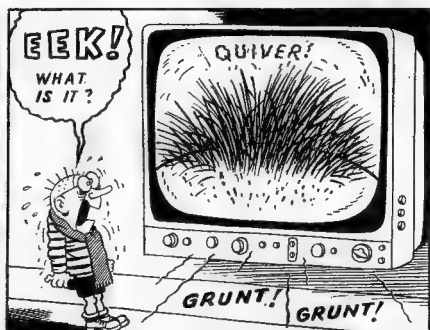
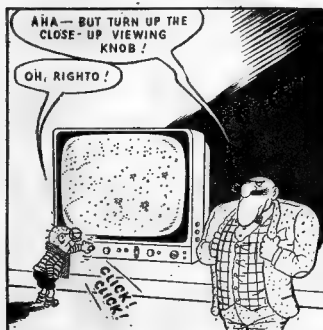
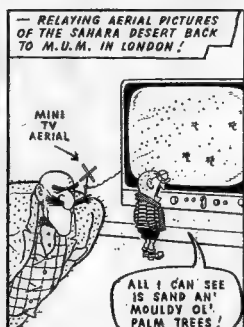
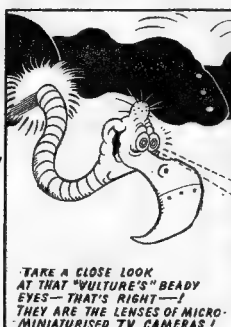
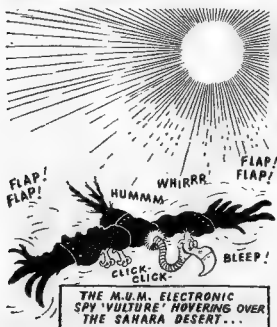
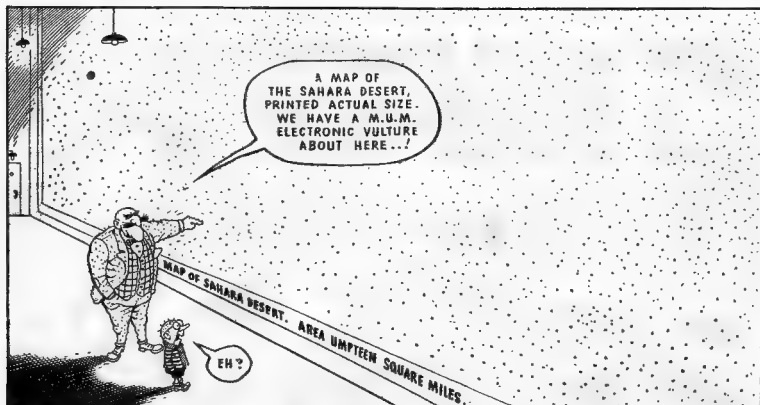
7d. every Saturday



MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, brainy boy of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), aided by his monsters, fights the dreaded C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums), headed by Oscar Mush. One day, while relaxing between missions...





FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY IN NEXT WEEK'S FUN-FILLED EPISODE!

HEADS LOWERED, THE STEERS CHARGED EVER CLOSER TO THE TRAPPED COMPANIONS!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon by uttering certain key words. The Marvels' old enemy, Dr. Zlon, had stolen some huge prehistoric eggs, and also kidnapped Frank Nilesman, a friend of the Marvels. In an Amazonian village, Micky and his father were playing with some children when a herd of cattle was deliberately stampeded towards them...

THE CRIES OF THE PANIC-STROCKEN CHILDREN RANG THROUGH THE THUNDERING HOOPS OF THE ONCOMING HERD...

THOSE STEERS WILL OWMAN US BEFORE WE CAN GET CLEAR OF THE BOTTLE-NECK!

THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE, DAD... THE MULTI-GUN!

IN THE CONFUSION, NO-ONE SAW MICKY MARVEL SLATCH OUT A TOY ARMOUR-PIERCING ROCKET, AND CLIP IT INTO THE MULTI-GUN...

THAT WALL IS TOO HIGH TO CLIMB, SO WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH IT A.F.S.!! AVENGER FROM SPACE!



THERE'S OUR EXIT, DAD!



WE'D BETTER LET THE CHILDREN GO FIRST!

STEADY! ONE AT A TIME NOW, DON'T PANIC!

EEEK! THEY ARE ALMOST ON US...



THE CHILDREN DIDN'T STOP TO ASK HOW THE HOLE HAD GOT IN THE WALL...

ONLY TWO MORE TO GO... THEY SHOULD JUST ABOUT MAKE IT!

BUT NOT US, DAD! WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE HOLE IN TIME!



GET BEHIND ME, DAD... AND YOU, BANJO! I'M GOING TO ACTIVATE THE SOLAR SPOTLIGHT!

CLICK!



THE CHARGING STEERS WERE ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY AS MICKY PRESSED ANOTHER SWITCH: NEXT INSTANT...

MY GRIEF... THAT GLARE! IT'S... ALMOST AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN!

ZZZZZ! MUUAW!

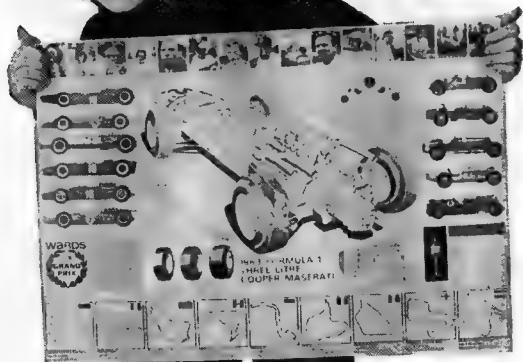


Continued overleaf...



CAN THE MARVELS GAIN THE VITAL INFORMATION? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S CONTINUATION!

**Got your Grand Prix
wall chart yet?**



**It's FREE
with Wards great
new Grand Prix
high performance
shoes!**

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Monaco

**Stylish bodywork
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**Deep-grip tyre tread soles
Six months guarantee**





The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, were managing a country garage. In his spare time, Brainbox invented a small engine of great power and fixed it into a tiny aeroplane of his own design. Early one morning, Simon was woken by a fearful crash...

SIMON DASHED OUT IN HIS PJAMAS, AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT...

BRAINBOX!



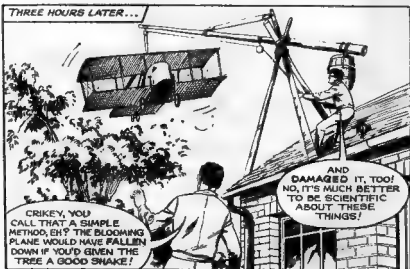
DON'T PANIC, SIMON—I'M OKAY! I'VE JUST GIVEN THE FLYING FLEA ITS FIRST TEST FLIGHT! WOULD YOU...ER...HELP ME DOWN?



WELL, YOU'RE ALMOST DOWN... BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE FLYING MACHINE BACK ON TO FIRM GROUND?

OH, THAT'S NO PROBLEM! JUST A SIMPLE BUSINESS OF ERECTING SOME TACKLE! YOU CAN LEAVE THE JOB TO ME, SIMON!

THREE HOURS LATER...



CRUIKEY, YOU CALL THAT A SIMPLE METHOD, EH? THE BLOOMING PLANE WOULD HAVE FALLEN DOWN IF YOU'D GIVEN THE TREE A GOOD SHAKE!

AND DAMAGED IT, TOO! NO, IT'S MUCH BETTER TO BE SCIENTIFIC ABOUT THESE THINGS!



WHAT WENT WRONG, ANYWAY? HOW COME YOU FINISHED UP IN THE TREE TOP?

ER...THE STEERING PROVED RATHER ERRATIC! I THINK I NEED MORE WEIGHT IN THE TAIL TO STABILISE IT!

BRAINBOX SET TO WORK AT ONCE TO PUT MATTERS RIGHT...

AS I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE DRIVER IN OUR TEAM, I'LL TAKE HER UP FOR HER NEXT TEST FLIGHT!



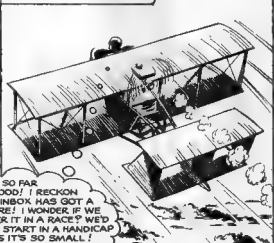
VERY WELL...ONLY BE CAREFUL! I MEAN...I'M NOT SURE THAT THIS EXTRA TAIL UNIT WILL WORK VERY WELL!

SOON ALL WAS READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF...

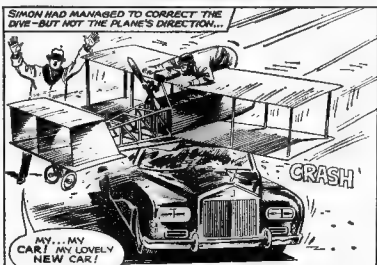
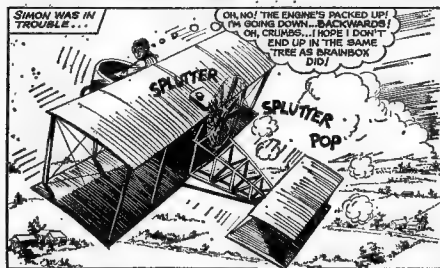
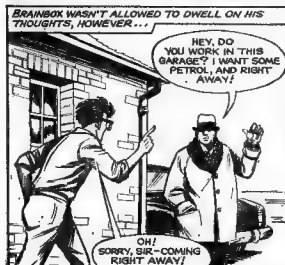
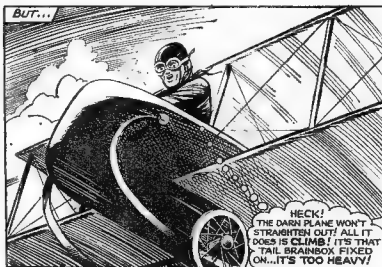


AH, GOOD...HE'S GETTING AIRBORNE! THINK THIS WILL PROVE TO BE A MOST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT!

ONE HUNDRED FEET UP...



SO FAR SO GOOD! I RECKON OLD BRAINBOX HAS GOT A WINNER HERE! I WONDER IF WE COULD ENTER IT IN A RACE? WE'D GET A GOOD START IN A HANDICAP EVENT AS IT'S SO SMALL!



WILL THE SKID KIDS PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR THEIR MISHAP? READ ON NEXT WEEK!

GARDENERS DON'T DIG TERMITES . . . AND THAT'S FLAT!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



IN NEXT MONDAY'S ARRESTING LITTLE TALE, A CRAFTY CROOK IS CAUGHT!



Leslie Meech (16) is training to be an aircraft technician

He's an Apprentice. He's at College. He gets paid.

Leslie is an Apprentice at an Army College. He'll be a fully-qualified tradesman, to Trade Union standards, in only three years. While he learns, he has a great time. Bags of free sport; free hobbies; good pay; 10 weeks of paid holiday; adventure weekends; loads of good friends.

Above all, he gets a true college training: the best military and civilian instructors, the finest modern equipment, a really full

and interesting life. Only the Army has Apprentices' Colleges like these!

If you're between 15 and 17, you could join Leslie.

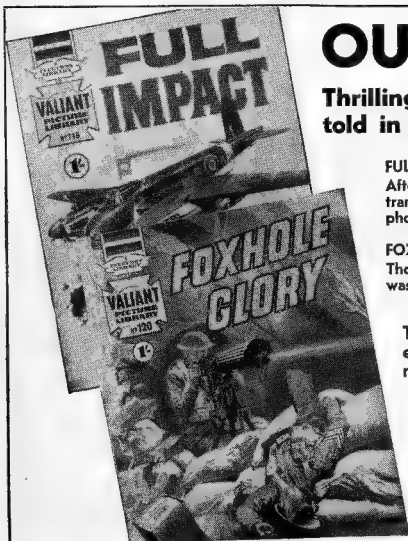
Send off the coupon for full details of Army apprenticeships, and of over 50 trades you can choose from.

It will also bring you details of Army Junior

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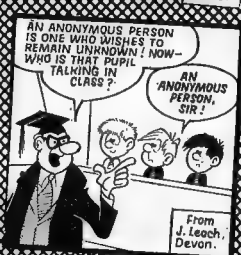
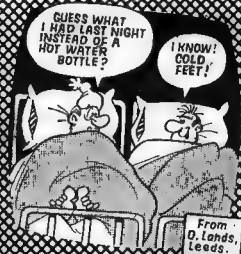
A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

**MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:**

1
2
3
If I win, the gift I choose is:.....

**PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.**



NEW SKY RAY 3 BRINGS YOU

**3 BIG
FLAVOURS**



MORE BIG NEW TASTES FROM WALL'S!
NEW SKY RAY 3 NOW HAS A
'BIG FLAVOUR' TOP OF RICH
RASPBERRY!

**SKY 3
RAY 3** **6^D**
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SO YOU GET **3 BIG FLAVOURS**
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DETAILS ON EVERY
SKY RAY 3 WRAPPER.
GET **SKY RAY 3**
TODAY!



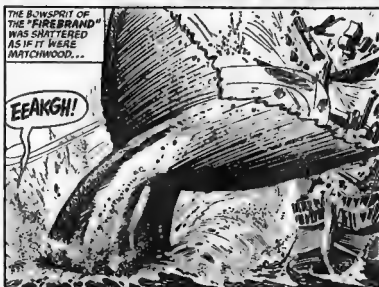
UP FROM THE DEPTHS IT CAME . . . A TREMENDOUS, HEAVING BLACK GIANT!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

IT WAS NOT PURE GREED THAT SENT PATCH-EYE HOOKER SAILING TO SOUTH AMERICA IN SEARCH OF A CITY OF GOLD, BUT THE THOUGHT OF HIS OLD ENEMY, PEG-LEG PALMER, FINDING IT FIRST. BUT TO HOOKER'S GREAT ANNOYANCE HIS SHIP "FIREBRAND" BECAME BECALMED . . .





THEN... WILL BARKER! ARE YOU AND I GHOSTS...OR WHAT?

NAVY, CAPTAIN! I'M MY USUAL SELF...AND YOU'RE VERY MUCH ALIVE, TOO, THANKS TO TOBIAS FLAGON!



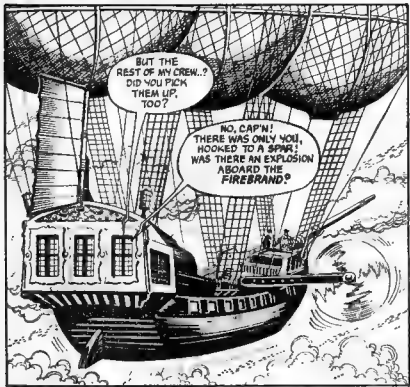
BUT THOSE CLOUDS OUT THERE! I...!

WHY, CAPTAIN, WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT TO SEE WHEN YOU'RE FLYING IN THIS WONDERFUL INVENTION OF TOBIAS FLAGON'S?



SO THAT'S WHERE I AM! ABOARD ANOTHER OF HIS CRAZY CONTRAPTIONS! GIVE ME ANY THINGS! I'M GETTING OFF WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE!

IT'S A LONG DROP TO SEA LEVEL, CAPTAIN! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF BEING IN THE WATER FOR ONE DAY!



BUT THE REST OF MY CREW... DID YOU PICK THEM UP, TOO?

NO, CAPTAIN! THERE WAS ONLY YOU, HOOKED TO A SPAR! WAS THERE AN EXPLOSION ABOARD THE FIREBRAND?



AS HE DRESSED, PATCHEY-EYE QUICKLY TOLD WILL WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

...SO I'LL TEAR THAT MONSTER APART JUST LIKE IT DID MY SHIP WHEN I MEET UP WITH IT AGAIN!

SO BE IT! BUT NOW IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO INSPECT YOUR NEW SHIP!



A WEALTHY SPANIARD WAS ALSO ON BOARD...

REMEMBER MY DAUGHTER, GOOD CAPTAIN? YOU ONCE GAVE YOUR WORD YOU WOULD SAVE HER FROM THAT PIRATE FALMER!

TCHAH— RIGHT NOW I'M MORE INTERESTED IN SAVING MY OWN SKIN! TURN ABOUT AND FIND ME A SHIP!



TOBIAS FLAGON GREETED THEM ON DECK...

THEN TURN ABOUT, AND SEARCH FOR A SUITABLE SHIP FOR ME TO CAPTURE! I'LL NOT BE CAPTAIN OF THIS CONTRADICTION! I'M A SEADOG NOT A SEABIRD!

READY TO TAKE COMMAND, EH, CAPTAIN? ACCORDING TO MY RECKONINGS WE ARE ONE DAY OUT FROM ORONTE!



I'VE NO HEAD FOR HEIGHTS, BOY! CALL ME WHEN YOU SIGHT A SHIP! TELL MASTER FLAGON I'LL STAND FOR NO TRICKS—OR HE WILL SOON WISH HE HADN'T FISHED ME OUT OF THE OCEAN!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE SKY DARKENED...



IT IS QUITE A STORM, TOBIAS! WILL YOUR AIRSHIP RIDE IT OUT? SHOULDN'T WE TURN ABOUT AGAIN AND RUN BEFORE IT?

NO, WILL! I WOULD RATHER FACE UP TO THIS STORM THAN THE FURY OF THE CAPTAIN IF I DISOBEY HIS ORDERS!

WHATEVER THE COURSE...PERIL AWAITS THEM! MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



THIS week, I want all members to join with me in giving a big welcome to the many lads and lasses who have recently enrolled in my Club! Greetings, mates—be sure you always wear your Buster Club badge so that other members up and down the country will know you and give you a friendly smile!

Your old pal,

Buster

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB

MY ADDRESS:

Buster's Birthday Club,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street,
London E.C.4.

(Comp.)

PORTRAIT GALLERY

From you to me...

Alan Hughes, of Bury, does a lot of fishing. Listen to what happened on his last trip: "Dad and I were fishing near a lighthouse, and catching quite a few whiting, when I suddenly saw a huge black shape rising to the surface right in front of us. I nearly jumped out of my skin as the thing came closer and closer. Finally, it broke the surface—it was a big black seal! Presently, it swam away, but we didn't catch a single fish after it had gone."

"About two years ago," writes Rowland Pound, of Kidderminster, "I built a bird house and put it up in a tree. It was sturdy, but Dad said I had made the hole too big. It stayed empty for about a year and a half, until I finally got so

YOU could win a cash award for having a letter printed here—why not drop me a line today?

fed up with it that I pulled it down and threw it at the back of the wood-pile. A few weeks ago, I happened to come across it and discovered a family of eight tiny mice living in it, so it did become a home after all!"

Cornwall member, Timothy George, writes to tell us about his pet, Roscoe, a watchdog who doesn't like motor-bikes. "One day the village policeman was passing our place on a motor-bike when Roscoe suddenly ran after him. After a few minutes, they came back—only this time the policeman was chasing Roscoe! The policeman was angry and said if it happened again, there would be a fine!" Sounds like watchdog Roscoe did his job too well, Timothy!

19th December, 1969
8th June, 1955
25th May, 1959
31st March, 1958
3rd October, 1957
30th January, 1958

MORE SUPER PRIZES FOR BIRTH DATE SPOTTERS!

HIP hip, hooray! More dates on display! Check them carefully, chums, 'cos if the exact day, month and year of your birth is among them, and provided you joined the Club before Monday, 29th April, you can take your pick of any one of these prizes: Model Vintage Car Kit, Fountain Pen, Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Pocket Knife.

Give your choice of prize on a postcard, together with your full name, address and date of birth. Now, just solve this simple puzzle and the prize is yours!

LODRAPE

NILO

PHERANT

Can you rearrange the letters in the above "words" to make the names of three wild animals of the cat family, found in the African jungle?

Just write the three answers on your postcard, mark it "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 16th May. Overseas members have until 5th September. More dates next week!



This is Patricia Ryans, from Pontefract. She enjoys swimming, running and sewing.



From Newcastle, here's Andrew Mawby. (Your poem about Buster was great, Andrew!)



Peter Simms hails from Swaffham—but very soon now he's off to Singapore with his dad.



Meet Tommy Quigley, from Birkenhead. He's a keen swimmer and likes stamp-collecting.



Bird watching and football are two of the interests of Peter Bickers, aged 11, from Aldeburgh.



Worthing member, Caroline Jones, says bell-ringing is her favourite hobby! She enjoys hockey.

NEW STAMP COMPETITION

1. What was the first stamp issued?
2. What country overprints its stamps "SERVICE"?
3. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
4. What country has "HELVETIA" on its stamps?

PRIZES: A special Shakespeare commemorative stamp free for each correct answer. If all 4 answers correct we will send a special souvenir Shakespeare Stamp Album, plus 4 Shakespeare stamps cat 2/7 FREE! Our Bargain Approvals sent with all prizes. Please tell your parents you are writing

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HEY, PALS!



My popular fun-paper is selling out faster every week! So avoid disappointment, and place a regular order for...

BUSTER
and Giggles 7d

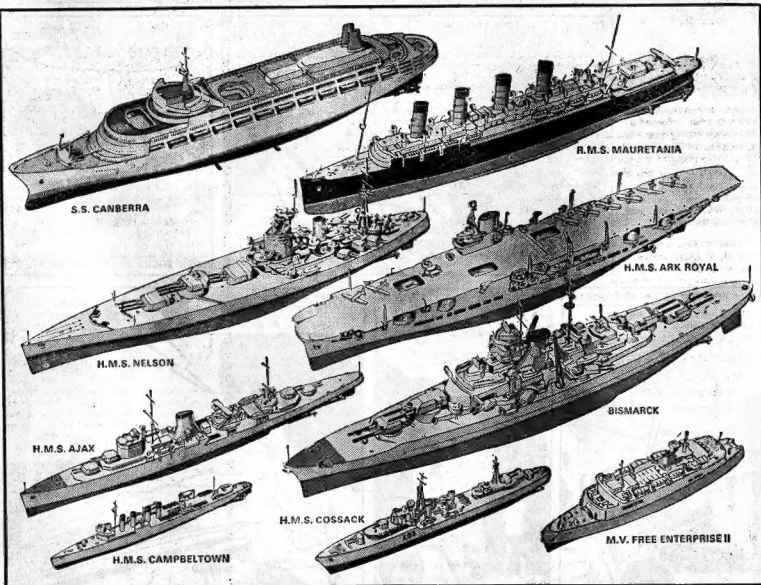


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From toy shops, model and hobby shops and F. W. Woolworth.

SUDDENLY THE ROAD CAVED IN . . . AND PEGGY PLUNGED INTO THE DEPTHS!

PERIL FROM BELOW

★

During oil drilling operations in a Welsh valley, gigantic insects emerged from the depths and began to terrorise the countryside. Specially designed ultra-violet ray weapons could destroy the creatures, but after one attack Dr. Dick Rivers and girl pilot Peggy Penfold saw young insects — and realised that the menace was starting to multiply . . .

★

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR DICK RIVERS TO DESTROY THE THREE YOUNG INSECTS. BUT THE NEW PERIL STILL REMAINED . . .

IF THEY CAN MULTIPLY SO QUICKLY, THEN WE'RE DOOMED, DICK! THE WHOLE OF BRITAIN WILL BE OVERRUN!

PERHAPS, LIKE ANTS AND BEES, THESE GIANT CREATURES BREED FROM THE QUEEN OF THEIR SPECIES?



BUT THESE ARE THE FIRST SPECIMENS OF YOUNG ONES TO BE REPORTED, PEGGY!



YOU MEAN THAT ONE OF THESE QUEEN INSECTS HAS REACHED LONDON? THEN THERE MUST BE A NEST!

DICK POINTED TO AN ABANDONED CAR . . .

THAT'S RIGHT! AND AT THE RATE THESE THINGS MULTIPLY, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT NEST! PEGGY, DRIVE TO H.Q. TELL THEM WHAT WE'VE FOUND AND TO SEND ALL AVAILABLE TROOPS TO THIS SPOT. I'LL START SEARCHING MYSELF!

AS THE GIRL PILOT DROVE OFF, DICK MOVED INTO ACTION . . .

THOSE YOUNG ONES CAME THROUGH THIS WALL! IF I CAN ONLY FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS BACK TO THE SOURCE . . .

MEANWHILE, TWO HUNDRED YARDS DOWN THE ROAD, PEGGY PENFOLD'S EYES WIDENED IN ALARM . . .

THE ROAD! IT'S CAVING IN!



DESPERATELY, PEGGY JAMMED ON HER BRAKES. BUT THE CAR WAS MOVING TOO FAST . . .

CAN'T STOP! EEEEEH!

UNAWARE OF PEGGY'S DANGER, DICK HAD COME UPON A BROKEN MANHOLE COVER . . .

IT WOULD TAKE SOMETHING PRETTY POWERFUL TO FLING OFF THAT SEWER COVER . . . THE YOUNG INSECTS MUST HAVE COME UP THROUGH HERE . . .

GRIMLY, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE DARK DARKNESS . . .



A DIS-USED SEWER, CAN THIS BE WHERE THE NEST IS?

DICK'S UNEASY PROGRESS ALONG THE DARK, TWISTING PASSAGE SOON CAME TO A HALT...



NO WAY OF TELLING WHICH TUNNEL THEY CAME FROM: MAY AS WELL GO BACK AND WAIT FOR THE OTHERS...

BUT, AS HE TURNED AWAY, THERE CAME A QUAVERING CRY OF ALARM...



NO! NO! AAARGH!

DICK'S BLOOD RAN COLD AS HE DASHED TOWARDS THE PIERCING CRIES...



HELP! HELP ME...

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S PEGGY'S VOICE!

WE ROUNDED A BEND... AND THEN...



IT'S THE NEST! AND THAT MUST BE THE QUEEN!

IT WAS THE BIGGEST INSECT DICK HAD YET SEEN, BUT HE GAVE IT THE FULL FORCE OF HIS ULTRA-VIOLET RAY.



TAKE THAT, YOU BRUTE!

THE CREATURE COLLAPSED. THEN DICK DIRECTED HIS RAY-GUN AT THE PILE OF EGGS.



NOW TO DESTROY THE EGGS - PROVIDED I HAVE ENOUGH BATTERY LEFT!

THERE'S NO NEED, DICK; LOOK!

THE BLAZING PETROL FROM PEGGY'S CRASHED CAR WAS FLOWING OVER THE HUGE MOUND OF EGGS...



FLAMES CAN'T HARM THE GIANT INSECTS: SINCE THEY'RE HATCHED, BUT THOSE EGGS ARE BURNING LIKE TINDER!

WE MAY NEVER HAVE FOUND THE NEST IF THE QUEEN HADN'T TRIED TO MAKE MORE ROOM FOR HER EGGS!

AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES MOUNTED, DICK AND PEGGY HURRIED BACK TOWARDS THE SURFACE...



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, PEGGY... JUST IN CASE ANY MORE OF THOSE THINGS ARE AROUND!

MEANWHILE, ALL OVER LONDON, GROUND AND AIR FORCES WERE TAKING DEADLY TOLL OF THE SWARMING CREATURES.



FROM COVER, DICK AND PEGGY WATCHED THE FANTASTIC FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL...



DICK, NOW THAT WE'VE DESTROYED THE NEST... DOES THIS MEAN THE DANGER IS OVER?

IF THAT CREATURE WAS THE ONLY QUEEN, PEGGY... THEN I'D SAY YES...



— BUT IF THERE'S MORE THAN ONE QUEEN, THEN EACH QUEEN WILL BUILD A NEW NEST! AND THAT MIGHT BE ANYWHERE IN THE BRITISH ISLES...

AND, EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, ON A BLEAK, WINDY HILLSIDE IN SCOTLAND...

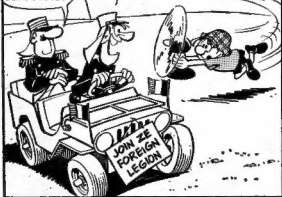


AAARGH!

CAN DICK COMBAT THE OUTBREAK? SEE NEXT MONDAY'S THRILLING INSTALMENT!

LOOK, MON GENERAL! SOMEBODY IS RUSHING TO JOIN UP, AND WE'VE ONLY JUST STARTED OUR RECRUITING DRIVE FOR THE LEGION!

THIS IS NO TIME TO JEST, BEAU GESTE!



A SPY GIRL TOLD ME TO TELL YOU THAT SHEIK RAT-ELAN-ROL AND HIS ARAB BAND ARE IN TOWN! THEY'RE DOWN AT ALI'S PALAIS!

WHAT?



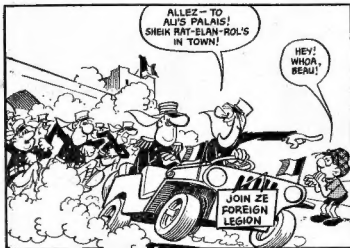
NEXT SECOND...

COO! HE'S SOUNDING THE CHARGE!



ALLEZ—TO ALI'S PALAIS! SHEIK RAT-ELAN-ROL'S IN TOWN!

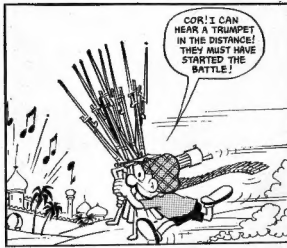
HEY! WHOA, BEAU!



YOHAN! SILLY NITS! THEY LEFT SO FAST THEY FORGOT TO TAKE THEIR FIREARMS! I'D BETTER FETCH THEM FOR THEM!



COO! I CAN HEAR A TRUMPET IN THE DISTANCE! THEY MUST HAVE STARTED THE BATTLE!

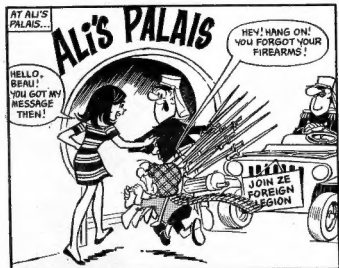


AT ALI'S PALAIS...

Ali's PALAIS

HELLO, BEAU! YOU GOT MY MESSAGE THEN!

HEY! HANG ON! YOU FORGOT YOUR FIREARMS!



WHAT DO WE WANT FIREARMS FOR? THIS IS A DANCE FLOOR—NOT A BATTLEGROUND!

COO—AND AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE BEEN TO, TOO!



THIS IS A PEACEFUL PALAIS, PEST! WE WANT NO TROUBLEMAKERS IN HERE!

YOU CAN COOL OFF IN THERE!



THEN BUSTER WOKED UP.

STOP NATTERING, WOMAN, AND WATER MY FEEDS! NOT NEXT DOOR'S WEEDS!



BUSTER CAN'T STEER CLEAR OF TROUBLE NEXT WEEK... HE DREAMS ABOUT DRIVING A TANK!